



72

DIGITAL  
EDITION

# SPAWN



Chilla  
57

McFARLANE  
CW

TODD MCFARLANE AND IMAGE COMICS PRESENTS...

# BLOODLESS

DEDICATED TO  
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## SPAWN #71 Summary

While seeking a break from their detective work, Sam and Twitch stumble on to a chaotic scene in a lounge that defies explanation. The bar patrons are fighting violently while appearing to be in a trance-like state. As they observe the situation, they witness someone kidnapping one of the girls. They give chase, lose the suspect and find the girl in the alley with her throat ripped out. Later, while Spawn surveys the aftermath of the riot between the alley gangs and ponders Cog's lecture, he is attacked by a new adversary, a vampire.



**TODD MCFARLANE**  
PRODUCTIONS

[www.spawn.com](http://www.spawn.com)

IMAGINE A NIGHT SO DEEP  
THE SHADOWS BILLOW AND  
SWIM AS IF ALIVE. AND THE  
WIND, COLD AS THE FULL  
MOON ABOVE, CARRIES  
WITH IT A FAINT SCENT OF  
BLOOD.

TONIGHT IS  
SUCH A NIGHT.

AL...  
YOU  
OKAY?

IMAGINE A PLACE WHERE  
HEAVEN AND HELL  
CROSS PATHS IN THE  
RAGGED SHADOWS OF  
LONG ABANDONED  
BUILDINGS.

WHERE DERELICT ANGELS  
ROAM THE ALLEYWAYS  
AMONG THRONGS OF  
THE HOMELESS.

WHERE RENEGADE  
VAMPIRES, IN HEAVEN'S  
EMPLOY, ARE STATIONED.

AND WHERE HELL'S  
ERRANT SOLDIER, A BEING  
CALLED SPAWN, IS ONCE  
AGAIN CAUGHT IN THE  
CROSSFIRE.

THIS IS  
SUCH A  
PLACE.



IT HAS BEEN A NIGHT OF VIOLENT UPHEAVAL FOR SPAWN. A SHOW-DOWN WITH THE MADMAN KNOWN AS THE FREAK... A GANG WAR AMONG THE DENIZENS OF RATCITY\*...

... AND HE HAS JUST NOW ENDURED THE RABID ATTACK OF A VAMPIRE, ONLY TO SEE THE CREATURE CALLED OFF BY THE MYSTERIOUS VAGA-BOND KNOWN AS BOOTSY.\*\*

\* SPAWN 68-70.  
\*\* LAST ISSUE.

JUST TAKE IT EASY THERE, BIG GUY. EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE OKAY...

BOOTSY?

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON, BOOTSY? DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT THING IS?

YES, I KNOW. AND HE WON'T HURT YOU. I WILL SEE TO IT.

YOU AND I, WE NEED TO TALK. AND THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME.

HEY, I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF. *FULL MOON* AND ALL.

GEE, LOOKS LIKE THE OLD RADIATOR SPRUNG A LEAK THERE, HELLSPAWN.

GET OUT OF THE WAY, BOOTSY. I'M SENDING THIS DEGENERATE BACK TO HELL.

BRING IT ON, *MEAT-BOY!* MAYBE THERE'S NO *BLOOD* IN YOUR VEINS, BUT I'M STILL GONNA GET A KICK OUT OF BRINGING YOU DOWN!

ENOUGH!



**STOP IT!**

I COMMAND YOU. THIS IS A **HOLY PLACE**, WOLFRAM. YOU OWE ALLEGIANCE TO THE **SHINING CITY**! YOU WILL DO WHAT I SAY.

"SHINING CITY"? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

YOU DIDN'T KNOW? OL' BOOTSY'S GOT A **HALO** HIDDEN UNDER HIS CAP, DON'T CHA? BUT HE AIN'T NO **SAINT**.


YEAH, I GOT YOUR NUMBER, BOOTSY. YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO INTERFERE WITH **MORTALS**, BUT I KNOW YOU SAVED THAT **BUM'S LIFE**. \*

THEY'RE GONNA HAUL YOUR SELF-RIGHTEOUS ASS BEFORE THE **SERAPHIC TRIBUNAL**, AND THEN WE'LL SEE WHO'S GIVING ORDERS.

I AM NOT AFRAID TO ANSWER FOR MY ACTIONS. BUT FOR NOW I AM STILL THE RANKING **EMISSARY** AND YOU WILL DO WHAT YOU ARE TOLD.




DON'T WORRY. I CAN BIDE MY TIME. THE DAY IS COMING, MY FRIEND...



AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO. THE RANKS OF MY KIND ARE **LEGION**, JUST WAITING IN THE NIGHT TO STRIKE.

THERE'S AN ARMY ON THE MARCH, KIDS. JUST WAIT AND SEE.



I DON'T INTEND ON WAITING. WE CAN FINISH THIS NOW.



Oooh, TOUGH GUY. WHY SO HOSTILE, SPAWN? YOU AND ME, WE'RE CUT FROM THE SAME ROTTEN CLOTH.

I AM NOTHING LIKE YOU.


UNDEAD, CURSED TO WALK THE EARTH, SKULKING IN SHADOWS? NONE OF THAT RINGS A BELL? GUESS I GOT THE WRONG GUY.




BACK OFF.

OF COURSE, UNLIKE YOU, I WEAR THE **MARK OF HEAVEN**. AND AIN'T THE ONLY ONE.

HELL, THERE'S A WHOLE NEST OF THEM DOWN BY THE BOWERY. NOW, THAT'S A SCENE THAT'LL MAKE YOUR FLESH CRAWL. IF YOU HAD ANY FLESH, THAT IS.



"THE WAY I SEE IT, SPAWN, HEAVEN'S GIVEN ME AND MINE A LICENSE TO **KILL**. AND WE'RE GOING TO **USE IT**."



"THAT'S ENOUGH, WOLFRAM. YOUR MANDATE IS CLEARLY DEFINED."



"IF I'M NOT CAREFUL, THIS COULD ALL BLOW UP IN MY FACE."

WHAMP!

FREEZE.

POLICE!

KA-  
KLACK

PEACE  
BE WITH  
YOU,  
OFFICERS.

WHAT'S GOING  
ON HERE? WE HAD  
REPORTS OF A  
DISTURBANCE?

I'M  
SORRY, OFFICER.  
'FRAID THAT MUSTA  
BEEN ME. SEE, SOME-  
TIMES I HAVE TROUBLE  
SLEEPING. I CRY OUT  
IN MY SLEEP. I DIDN'T  
MEAN TO BOTHER  
NO ONE.

LIKELY STORY,  
PAL. I WANT YOU  
PLANTED THERE  
LIKE A LAMPOST.  
KEEP THOSE HANDS  
UP. BOYS, DO A  
PERIMETER  
SWEEP.



SHORTLY...

ARE YOU SURE YOU WOULDN'T RATHER I TYPED, SIR?

NAH, I GOT IT. HOW MANY "P"'S IN "DECAPITATED"?

ONE, SIR.

I CAN'T GET THE IMAGE OF THAT POOR GIRL OUT OF MY MIND.\*

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. IT'S BEEN ONE LONG, UNBELIEVABLY MESSED-UP NIGHT. I'LL BE GLAD WHEN IT'S OVER.

\*LAST ISSUE.

'SCUSE ME, LADIES. GOT A VISITOR HERE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU. SAYS HIS NAME IS BOOBIE.

BOOTS.

WHATEVER. YOU GOT ONE MINUTE.



I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME AND I SHOULDN'T BE SAYING **ANYTHING**. BUT PLEASE LISTEN CLOSELY.

THE STAKES ARE ABOUT TO BE RAISED AND THE HELLSPAWN IS GOING TO NEED YOU. AND **YOU'RE** GOING TO NEED **HIM**.



I'M TAKING A GREAT RISK GETTING INVOLVED. BUT IN THE **BIG PICTURE**, IT'S VERY IMPORTANT THAT SPAWN SURVIVE WHAT'S COMING AHEAD.

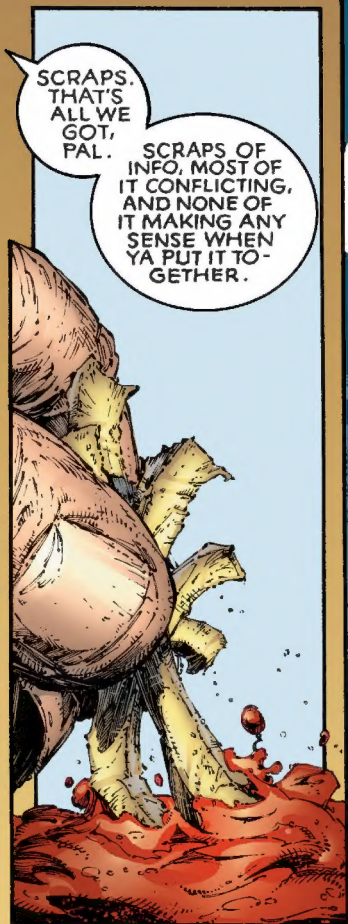
YOU MUST SEE THAT HE DOES...



LET'S GO, BOOBIE.

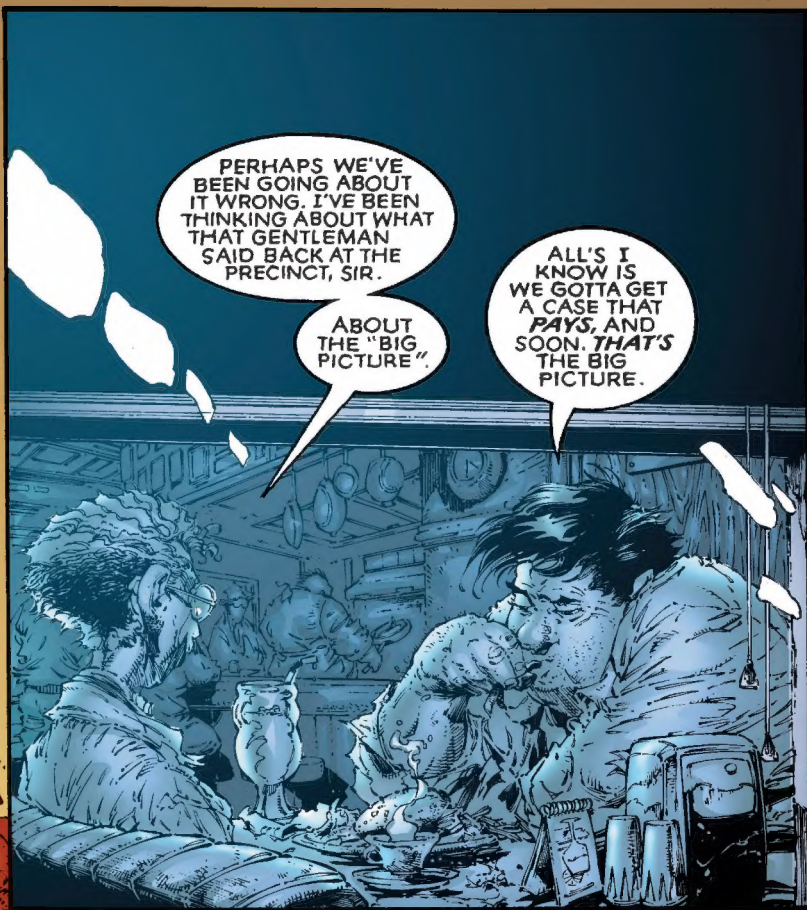
WHUH THE @#%\*?

INDEED, SIR.



SCRAPS.  
THAT'S  
ALL WE  
GOT,  
PAL.

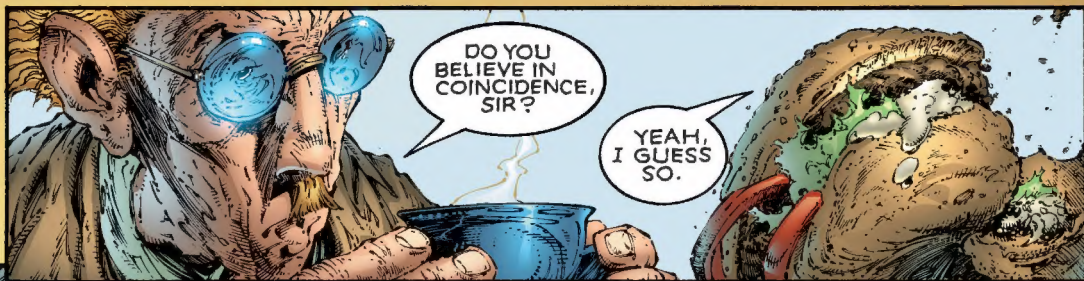
SCRAPS OF  
INFO, MOST OF  
IT CONFLICTING,  
AND NONE OF  
IT MAKING ANY  
SENSE WHEN  
YA PUT IT TO-  
GETHER.



PERHAPS WE'VE  
BEEN GOING ABOUT  
IT WRONG. I'VE BEEN  
THINKING ABOUT WHAT  
THAT GENTLEMAN  
SAID BACK AT THE  
PRECINCT, SIR.

ABOUT  
THE "BIG  
PICTURE".

ALL'S I  
KNOW IS  
WE GOTTA GET  
A CASE THAT  
**PAYS**, AND  
SOON. **THAT'S**  
THE BIG  
PICTURE.




DO YOU  
BELIEVE IN  
COINCIDENCE,  
SIR?

YEAH,  
I GUESS  
SO.



WELL, I  
THINK WE'RE  
LOOKING AT  
SOMETHING  
THAT'S FAR TOO  
**COMPLEX** TO BE  
COINCIDENCE.  
LET'S START  
AT THE  
BEGINNING...





CHIEF BANKS,  
BILLY KINCAID,  
VITO GRAVANO,  
JASON WYNN, THE  
OLD MAN COG...

... RAT CITY,  
THE FREAK,  
THE GANG WAR,  
EVEN THAT  
GENTLEMAN  
NAMED  
BOOTS...

RIGHT...

BUT STEP  
BACK AND LOOK  
AT THEM FROM  
A DISTANCE.  
EXAMINE THE  
**GEOMETRY** OF THE  
SITUATION. IMAGINE  
EACH EVENT AS A  
POINT ON A  
GRID.

AND IF WE  
DRAW LINES  
CONNECTING  
THEM, THEY ALL  
PASS THROUGH  
THE SAME POINT.  
THEY ALL HAVE  
ONE THING  
IN COMMON.

A  
NUMBER OF  
ADMITTEDLY  
LURID, BUT  
SEEMINGLY  
SEPARATE,  
EVENTS.

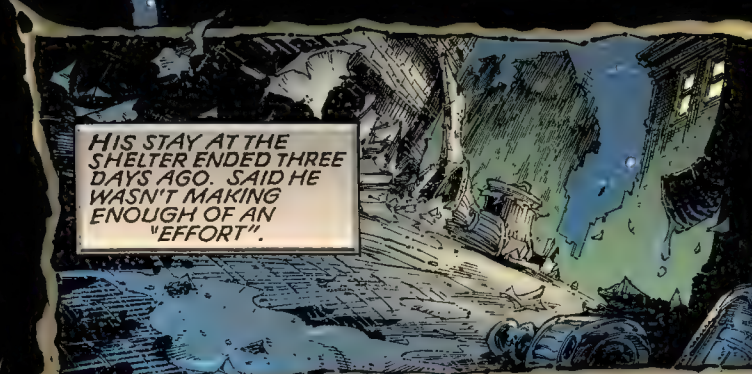
YEAH, I'M  
FOLLOWING  
YOU.

SPAWN.

YES.  
AND WHO  
ELSE?

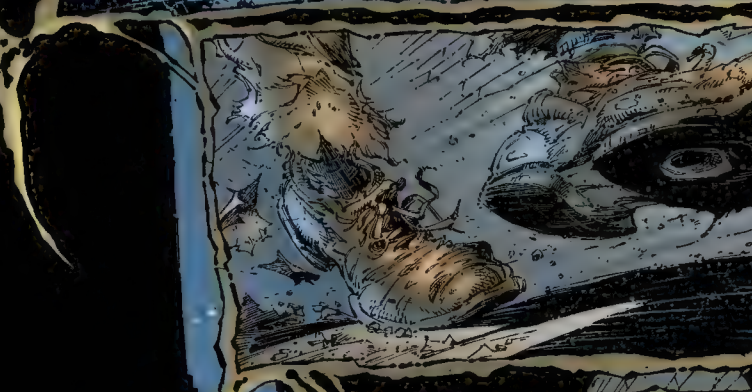
US... I  
GET YOUR  
MEANING, TWITCH.  
JEEZUS, THIS  
COULD BE THE  
CASE OF THE  
CENTURY.

STILL  
BELIEVE IN  
COINCIDENCE,  
SIR?




HIS STAY AT THE  
SHELTER ENDED THREE  
DAYS AGO. SAID HE  
WASN'T MAKING  
ENOUGH OF AN  
"EFFORT".


TOSSED OUT  
ON THE STREET  
LIKE SO MUCH  
REFUSE.  
YESTERDAY'S  
NEWS.



JUST ANOTHER SAD,  
PATHETIC TURN IN  
THE DOWNWARD  
SPIRAL OF EDDIE  
BECKETT.




SCREW 'EM, HE  
SAYS. ALL THEM  
BASTARDS. WHO  
ARE THEY TO  
JUDGE?



IT'S NOT HIS FAULT THAT  
HIS WIFE GOT CANCER.  
OR THAT THE HMOS  
WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING  
ABOUT IT 'TIL IT WAS  
TOO LATE.

OR THAT HE GOT TOO  
SAUCED AFTER THE  
FUNERAL AND RAN HEAD-  
ON INTO A FAMILY COMING  
HOME FROM CONEY  
ISLAND... OR THAT THE  
DAMN LAWYERS BLEED  
HIS LAST DIME.



HE USED TO DREAM  
ABOUT A HOUSE IN  
THE COUNTRY, A  
PRIVATE JET. NOW ALL  
HE HOPES FOR IS A  
WARM PLACE TO SLEEP,  
AND SOMETHING HALF-  
WAY EDIBLE OUT OF  
A DUMPSTER.

FLINNY  
HOW YOUR  
PRIORITIES  
CHANGE.

HE CATCHES IT  
OUT OF THE  
CORNER OF HIS  
EYE. JUST A  
BROWN PAPER  
PACKAGE.  
NOTHING  
SPECIAL. BUT  
SOMEHOW  
IT CALLS OUT  
TO HIM.

MAYBE A STASH  
OF CASH SOME  
GANGSTER LEFT  
BEHIND. OR  
MAYBE A BAG OF  
JEWELS DROPPED  
IN A HEIST.

HELL,  
MAYBE IT'S  
SOMEONE'S  
TAKE-OUT  
THAT HASN'T  
GONE BAD  
YET.

Hmm...?

EWV.

IT SMELLS  
VILE. LIKE  
THE INSIDE  
OF A  
SLAUGHTER-  
HOUSE.

WHAT  
THE HELL  
IS THIS  
CRAP?

**NECROPLASM.**

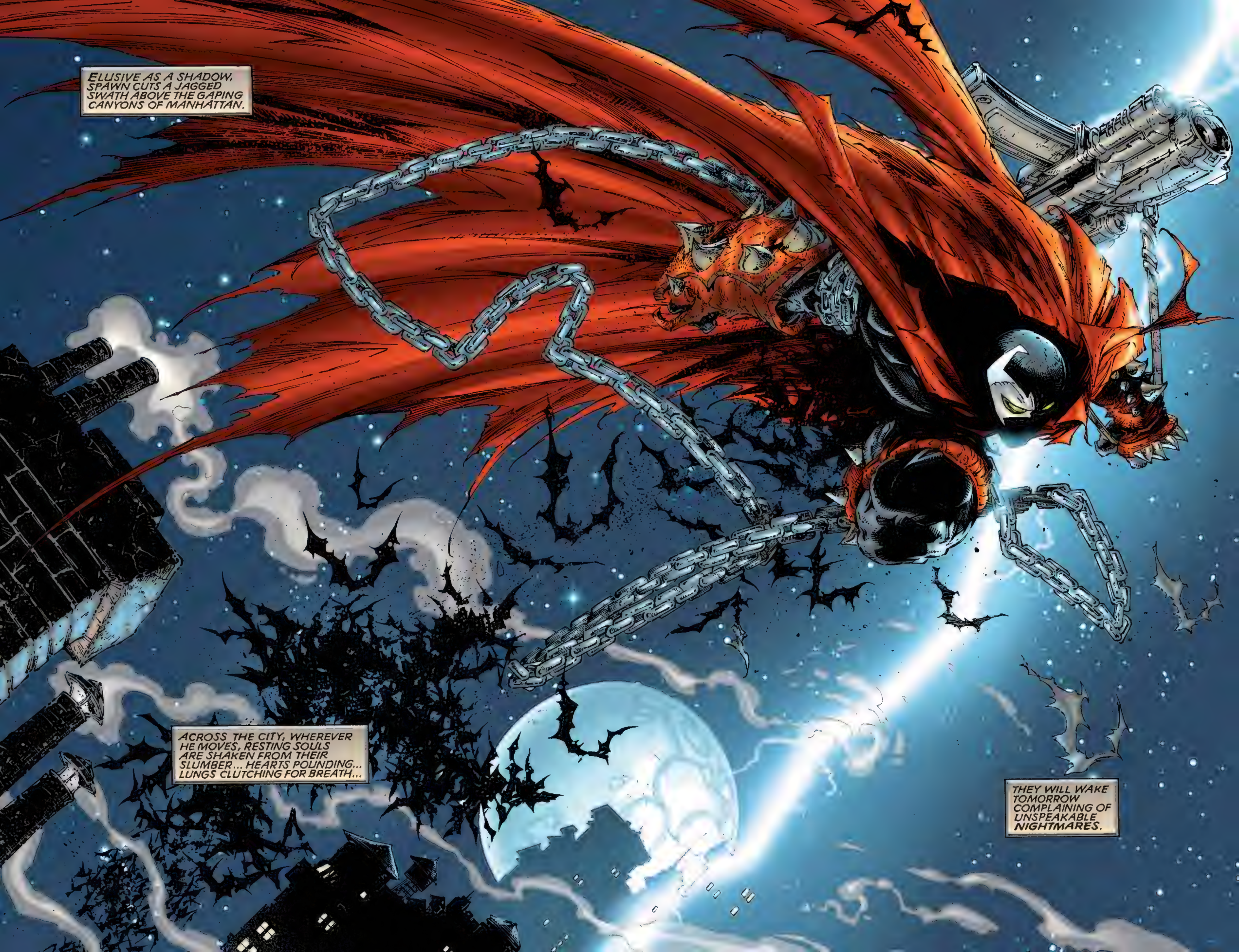
A BAGFUL OF  
CONGEALED SIN,  
INTENDED AS THE  
FREAK'S TROPHY  
FROM HIS  
ENCOUNTER WITH  
THE SPAWN. \*

\* SPAWN  
68.

EDDIE CURSES HIS  
LUCK. HE SHOULD HAVE  
KNOWN BETTER THAN  
TO HOPE. THINGS ARE  
NEVER GOING TO  
CHANGE FOR HIM.

NOTHIN'.

HOW  
COULD  
HE  
KNOW?

A full-page comic book illustration of Spawn flying over Manhattan at night. He is depicted with a large, flowing red cape, a black mask with white eye cutouts, and a black suit with orange accents. He is carrying a massive, futuristic silver gun in his right hand and a long, heavy metal chain in his left. The chain is coiled around his body and extends across the sky. The background shows the city skyline with smoke rising from buildings and a large, bright full moon. The sky is dark blue with white clouds and many small, dark, bat-like creatures flying around. The overall tone is dark and dramatic.

ELUSIVE AS A SHADOW,  
SPAWN CUTS A JAGGED  
SWATH ABOVE THE GAPING  
CANYONS OF MANHATTAN.

ACROSS THE CITY, WHEREVER  
HE MOVES, RESTING SOULS  
ARE SHAKEN FROM THEIR  
SLUMBER... HEARTS POUNDING...  
LUNGS CLUTCHING FOR BREATH...

THEY WILL WAKE  
TOMORROW  
COMPLAINING OF  
UNSPEAKABLE  
NIGHTMARES.



DAMN!  
HE KICKED  
ME!  
HOLD  
HIM  
STILL!

RELEASE  
THE  
**CHILD!**

KE  
ER-  
AASH

WHAT  
THE--?

I DON'T  
KNOW WHO  
THE HELL  
YOU ARE,  
BUT YOU  
CRASHED  
THE WRONG  
PARTY!

HIT THE  
LIGHTS,  
GENTLE-  
MEN.

SKLNNING!

IT'S  
SHOW  
TIME!

BAD MOVE.  
NOW... I'M GOING  
TO COUNT TO  
THREE.

YOU'RE  
DEAD  
MEAT!

ONE...

THE DARKNESS  
RINGS OUT WITH  
THE PEAL OF  
GUNFIRE AND  
THE SNAP OF  
BREAKING  
BONES...

GUNPOWDER FLASH  
ILLUMINATES THE  
ROOM LIKE A  
STROBE LIGHT...  
CONSTRUCTED  
THROATS CRY OUT  
A CHORUS OF  
UNHOLY SOUNDS...

KERRACK!

TWO...

DAMN  
IT! I'M  
HIT!

WHERE  
THE HELL  
IS HE?

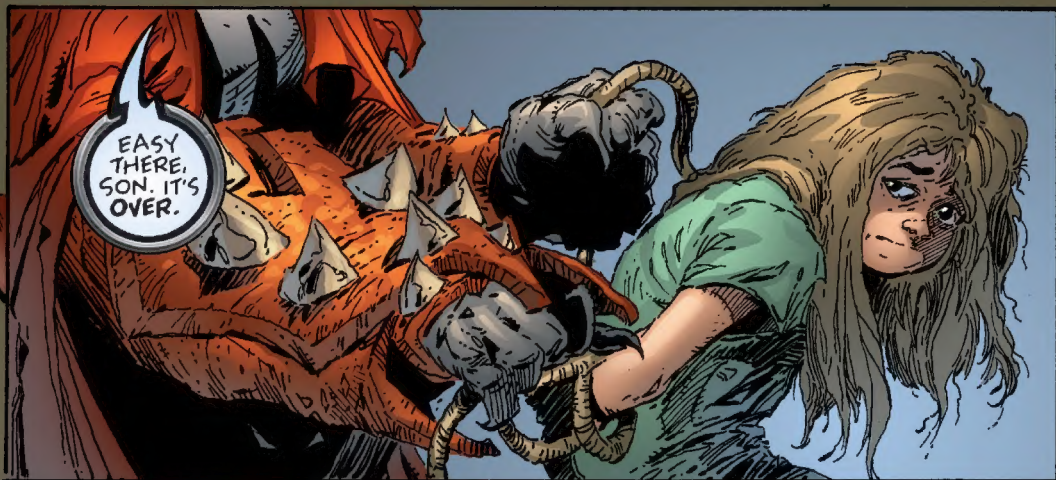
OVER  
THERE.  
BY THE  
WALL!

NO,  
THAT'S  
ME!

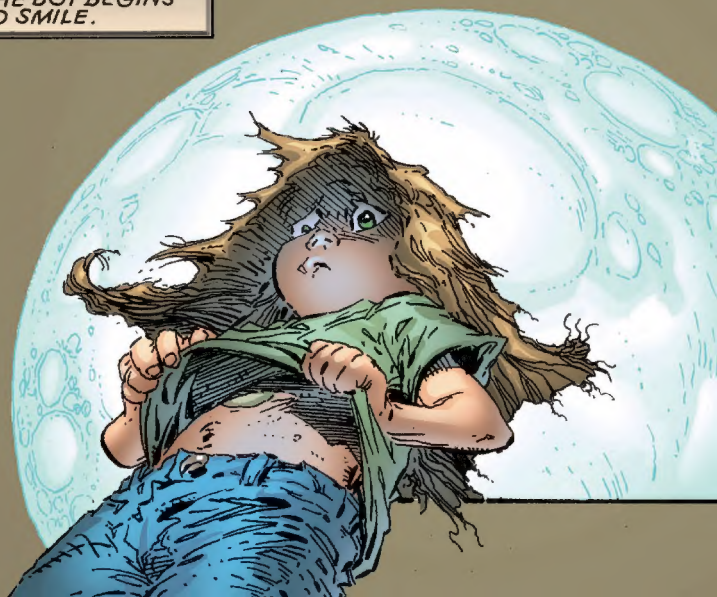
TO  
YOUR  
LEFT,  
TO YOUR  
LEFT!

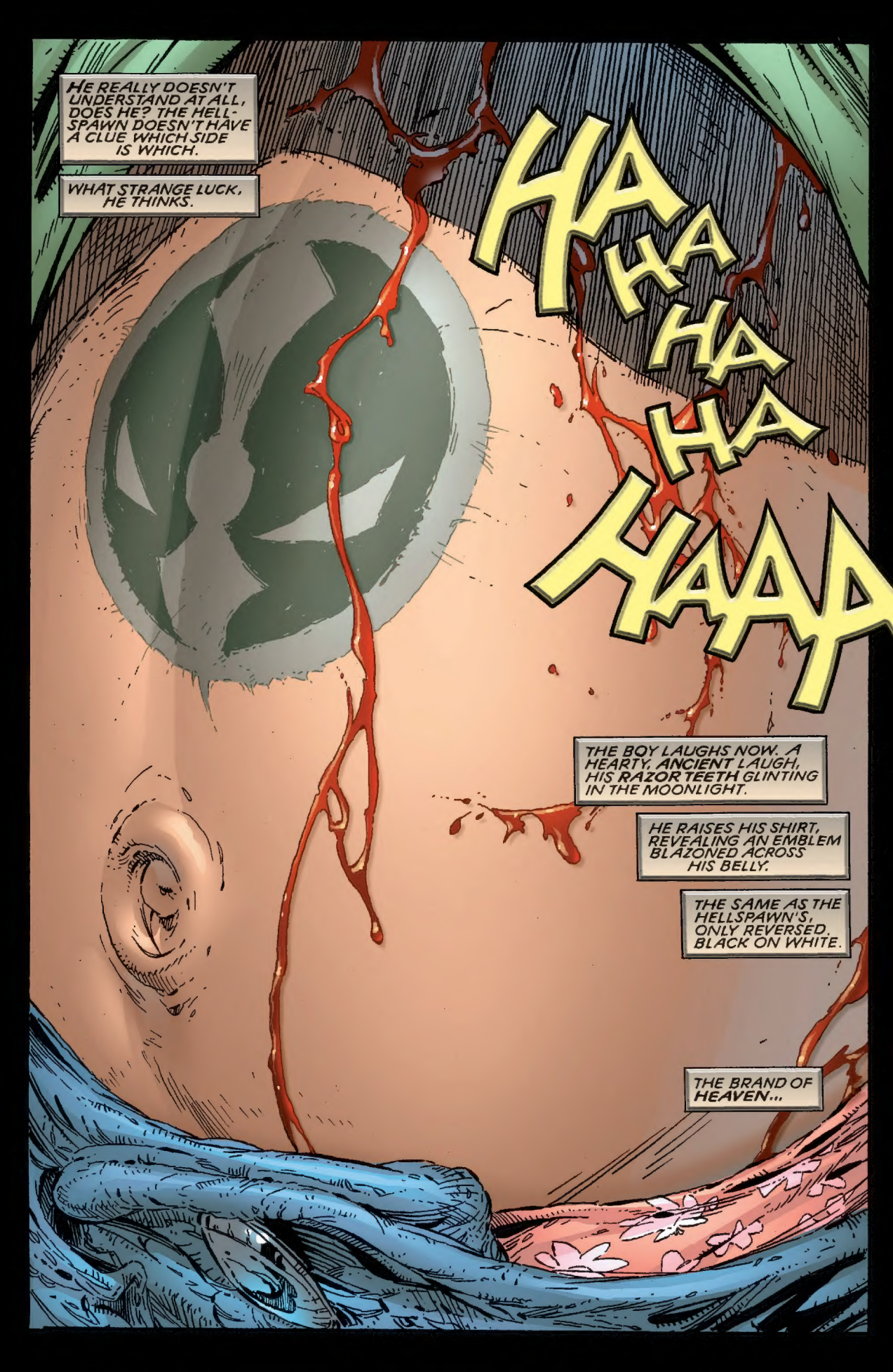
THREE.





AS HE WATCHES SPAWN DISAPPEAR INTO THE NIGHT, THE BOY BEGINS TO SMILE.





HE REALLY DOESN'T  
UNDERSTAND AT ALL,  
DOES HE? THE HELL-  
SPAWN DOESN'T HAVE  
A CLUE WHICH SIDE  
IS WHICH.

WHAT STRANGE LUCK,  
HE THINKS.

HA  
HA  
HA  
HA  
YAAP

THE BOY LAUGHS NOW. A  
HEARTY, ANCIENT LAUGH,  
HIS RAZOR TEETH GLINTING  
IN THE MOONLIGHT.

HE RAISES HIS SHIRT,  
REVEALING AN EMBLEM  
BLAZONED ACROSS  
HIS BELLY.

THE SAME AS THE  
HELLSPAWN'S,  
ONLY REVERSED,  
BLACK ON WHITE.

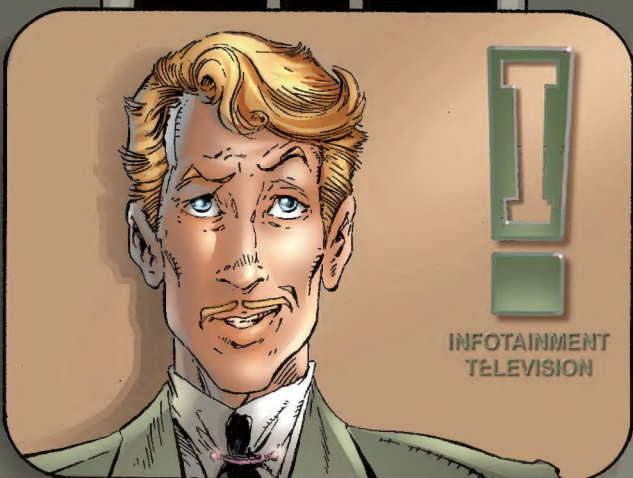
THE BRAND OF  
HEAVEN...



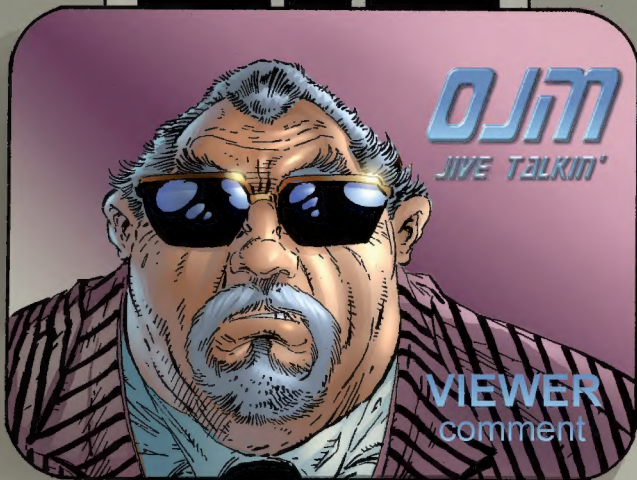
...ARE STILL LOOKING FOR A MOTIVE BEHIND WHAT IS BEING CALLED "A DISTURBING OUTBREAK OF VIOLENCE" AMONG NEW YORK'S HOMELESS POPULATION.

THE APPARENT "TURF WAR" ERUPTED LATE LAST NIGHT BETWEEN WHAT APPEARS TO BE WARRING FACTIONS OF HOMELESS PERSONS WHO RESIDE IN THE BLIGHTED AREA OF MANHATTAN COMMONLY REFERRED TO AS "RAT CITY".

POLICE ARE ESTIMATING FATALITIES TO BE AS HIGH AS 40 AND ARE QUESTIONING SURVIVORS AS TO WHAT MAY HAVE SPURRED SUCH VIOLENCE.



SWANK NEW YORKERS IN THE KNOW ARE FLOCKING TO AN *NEW* DESTINATION. CONVENIENT TO THE CHALK LINES THE POLICE HAVE DRAWN AROUND THE RECENT TURF WAR VICTIMS, IT'S A BIT OF URBAN DECADENCE CALLED *THE RAT'S ASS*. THE SMALL CLUB IS LOCATED IN, WE'RE ASSURED, POSITIVELY THE *LAST* UNDISCOVERED CORNER OF THE BOWERY'S "RAT CITY" DISTRICT. THE BAR DOESN'T EVEN *OPEN* UNTIL 2 A.M., CLOSES HALF AN HOUR BEFORE SUNRISE, AND IS CUNNINGLY DECORATED IN "EARLY HOPELESSNESS AND DESPAIR". IT MUST BE TAPPING INTO SOME *FIN DE SIECLE* ANGST, BECAUSE LINES ROUTINELY FORM AROUND THE BLOCK, EVEN ON WEEKNIGHTS. BRUSH UP ON YOUR LEO GORCEY AND WEAR YOUR DIRTY CLOTHES IN LAYERS. MURDEROUS INTENTIONS ARE WELCOME BUT PURELY OPTIONAL.



THAT ODD *GLOW* IN THE SKY LAST WEEK? YES, THAT WAS INDEED A *FULL MOON*. BESIDES THE USUAL INCREASES IN CRIME AND HOOLIGANISM, THIS TIME IT BROUGHT WITH IT A REMARKABLE EXPLOSION OF VIOLENCE IN THAT LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN WE CALL "RAT CITY". FOR YEARS, EL RATSO HAD BEEN OUR CATCH-ALL BLIGHT, A PLAYGROUND FOR DRUG ADDICTS, MOBSTERS, HOOKERS, AND THE FOLKS WHO COULDN'T AFFORD TO STAY IN THE FLOPHOUSES. WHAT FINALLY BROUGHT THIS MIX TO A *BOIL*? THERE WAS NO BENEFIT FOR *ANYBODY*. MY BOOKIE NEVER EVEN CALLED ME WITH THE ODDS. WELL, JUST AS NIGHT'S CHILDREN BAY AT THE MOON, EVEN I GOTTA ADMIT THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT THOSE OF US CAUGHT BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL WILL *NEVER* UNDERSTAND.





Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE